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P74

A Poem presented to his
excellency William Burnett esq.
on his arrival at Boston





Class F67

Book . P74

A
P O E M

Presented

To his EXCELLENCY

WILLIAM BURNET Esq;

On His Arrival at Boston.

*Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Servitium : nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub Rege pio*

Claud.

Fifty copies reprinted from the edition of 1728.

The only copy of this poem in America, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, is in the Boston Public Library, where it was acquired a few years ago. The British Museum also has a copy. The author is unknown. It is quite inferior to the verses of Mather Byles on the same occasion, and its publication lacks the Governor's sanction, which was given to the former. Both poems are printed in similar type, and probably were from the same press. The rarity of this publication has induced the present reprint, which is approximately in fac simile of the original.

WILLIAM NELSON.

Paterson, N. J., July 1, 1897.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

Governour *Burnet*.

11/13/03.
 100. 100. 100.
 SINCE now each Breast with pleasing Transport
 And loud Applauses rise in spreading Peals, (swells,
 As the great Heir of rev'rend *Sarum's* Light,
 With opening Smiles, salutes our longing Sight;
 Fain would my Muse, amidst this Blaze of Joy,
 In ecchoing Airs her gladsome Lyre employ,
 With tuneful Accents breath her lowly Lays,
 And sound her rising Hopes, in dutious Praise.

AS e're the Sun unfolds his glaring Beams,
 He dawns in eastern Skies with rosey Gleams,
 While the glad Pilgrim spies the Infant Light,
 Glow in his Eye, and gain upon his Sight,
 'Till all inrich'd with Rays, and glitt'ring Gold,
 The waking World his blazing Face behold;
 So from a distant Seat, the Voice of Fame,
 Thro' all our Land, did BURNET's Pow'r proclaim:
 In silver Sounds his Praises swell the Air,
 Spread through the Towns, and sooth each listning Ear;
 'Till restless Thousands wish'd the Light would rise,
 To flush new Glories round our brightning skies.

AND

AND now, O joyful News! the Hour awakes,
 And paints a cheerful Crimson in our Cheeks,
 As *Sol* draws near to his Meridian Throne,
 Does BURNET's bright Procession tow'rd's the Town :
 Then with what Swarms, the spangled Streets are strow'd?
 What clustring Throngs the loftier Stations crowd?
 Here armed Bands with Martial Brightness glow,
 There Female Eyes, like trembling Saphires, show.
 Here, on the Tops of sumptuous Domes, some wait,
 To see their rising *Ruler* ride in State.
 And fain our Eyes would seize the distant Wheels,
 When the glad Signal wraps the smoaking* Hills:
 While dusty Volumes speak th' approaching Crowd,
 Eager we trace the Triumph down the Road,
 'Till the gay Town receives the splendid Train,
 And BURNET's Presence, glitt'ring, crowns the Scene.
 Not the fair Galaxie, with mingling Lights
 Which gild the gleamy Skies in cloudless Nights,
 Not annual Shows, nor all our Hist'ry's say,
 Can match the Pomp and Splendor of this Day.

WHILE His Commission shows our *Sovereign's* Will,
 (The Stamp of Heav'n engrav'd on GEORGE's Seal)
 With Joy our Cannon burst in bellowing Sound,
 To spread the pleasing News the Country round ;

Trumpets,

*The Dust occasioned by His Excellency's Attendants was seen to rise at the Distance of Six or Seven Miles from the Town.

Trumpets, and Shouts, with Drums united Roul,
 To vig'rous Pleasures lift the Ravish'd Soul :
 With fierce Delight our Hearts exulting beat,
 When, 'midst the Senate, *BURNET* takes His Seat.

ALL hail, Illustrious Chief! in whom combine,
 A lofty Genius, and Majestick Mein :
 Whose manly Sweetness, mixt with courtly Grace,
 Invites to rev'rend Love and free Access.
 What the tall Cedar shows to diff'rent Woods
 Is *BURNET's* comely Stature 'mongst the *Gods*.
 But who can tell the Compass of his Soul,
 Where rip'ning Schemes, and Worlds of Science roll?
 How, like Leviathan in yielding Seas,
 His Mind thro' Truths meand'rous Mazes plays?
 Myst'rys, for Ages wrapt in sacred Shade,
 With op'ning Gleams, his lab'ring Pen display'd.
 What shining Secrets still his Thoughts conceal,
 Shall dawning Years, and future Muses tell.
 His Rays shall stream thro' ev'ry Hemisphere,
 'Till distant Sages long to see our Star :
 'Till this blest Land, tho' dark in barb'rous Times,
 Shall vie, for Light and Fame, with Easter Climes.

FAIR Province! Thou, would *BURNET* but inspire,
 To ardent Praise, should raise my kindling Fire.
 Thy growing Fame, thro' wondring Countrys sent,
 Speaks Thee the Flow'r of all the Continent.

Nature

Nature to Thee, her lavish Stores divides ;
 Here Justice rules, and prosp'rous Peace resides.
 Our *Charter* here, inforc'd with guardian Laws,
 Around our Rights, its kind Protection draws.
 Fair Liberty, that beauteous Exile, here
 Dares in the tempting Charms of Wealth appear.
 Religion, here, her heavenly Form displays,
 And shines serenely bright, with native Rays.
 Here Learning sits enthron'd, whose Spreading Light,
 And beamy Smiles, relieve the Searcher's Sight.
 Here the young Muse for high *Parnassus* strains,
 And bold with broider'd Plumes the Summit gains ;
 Where *Phæbus* reigns, and deathless Laurels shows,
 Inwove with starry Gems, for BURNET's Brows.

THESE are the Blessings, wondrous Chief ! we bring,
 To rise and bloom beneath your genial Wing.
 For These, our dauntless Sires unweary'd stood,
 These, the rich Price of painful Toils, and Blood.
 To your kind Care we leave, with hopeful Eyes,
 Our Churches, Learning, Laws and Liberties ;
 When lowring Clouds, these sacred Rights invade,
 Your Lustre soon can pierce the thickning shade ;
 Reveal an op'ning Refuge for th' Oppress'd,
 As *BURNET* pitying hears our injur'd Lands Request.

GLITTER

GLITTER, great Light! and quickning Warmth dis-
 'Till Arts, grown ripe, shall boast your Influence; (pence,
 'Till branching Trade, which now too languid seems,
 Shall feel fresh Force from your propitious Beams:
 'Till timorous Vice, disrob'd, shall fly your Frown,
 And Vertue rais'd, triumphant wear the Crown.
 Thus while diffusive Goodness guides your Sway,
 We'll boldly claim the Freedom to obey,
 And strive with Heav'n to stretch your precious Life,
 To the last Length allow'd our destin'd Strife.

THEN, in the Bloom of Fame, and ripe with Grace,
 While guardian Seraphs line thy Way to Bliss;
 While bleeding Bards expire in tuneful Sighs,
 And flow'ry Wreaths from Cypress Branches rise,
 Then may thy wid'ning Soul, array'd with Light,
 Thro' flaming Squadrons wing its rapturous Flight;
 Cælestial Gates unfold their radiant Leaves,
 To Scenes, nor Eye beholds, nor Mind conceives,
 Where, 'midst th' immortal God's superiour Seats,
 Your Crown all gilt with Glory, dazling, waits.

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